Making Her Mine

Choose_The_Adventure

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Prologue

"No!" A feminine scream tore through the air in the empty alleyway, her screeches quickly devolving into incoherent babbles for mercy as the man's tongue quickly swiped over his top lip, wetting the dry and cracked skin. His vibrant red eyes slowly trailed over her form as she tripped when she tried to turn around and run away, the tattered dress showing signs of abuse as the man leaned a little closer.

"Oh, sweet tart..." He spoke softly as his left hand slowly reached for the metal buckle that was barely keeping the small shorts anchored low around his waist, "Sing more for me..."

The woman complied as she crawled away from him, only gaining a few feet before the hot pink belt slipped through the metal buckle.

"Get out."

The man let out a frustrated groan as he leaned back against the office chair, his eyes falling away from the computer screen as he tugged down the headphones to rest against the back of his neck. He swivelled around just enough to look at the person who berated him, the shorts laying partially open as his hand stilled just underneath the thin bikini band.

His glare fell upon someone who looked similar to him, but the signature blood red color stained his clothing instead of the hot pink the man was used to wearing. The intruder leveled the same glare back at the man, yanking off his long coat and tossing it onto a coat hook near the door that he had come from.

"You didn't see the 'fuck off' sign?" The man turned back around as the video on the computer sounded through the headphones, the feminine scream accompanied by a tearing of fabric reminding him that there was still some fun to be had, "Or are you too important to read now?"

"I saw it," The intruder growled, "I just didn't care. Go fap in your own home, Asmodeus."

"It's more entertaining at your place."

"So you acknowledge that you broke in," The red-and-black clothed man took long strides towards the office chair, grabbing the back of it and violently wrenching it to the side. Asmodeus let out a playful whimper as he was thrown to the ground, rolling onto his right side and staring up, "I've warned you to never come by."

The man kept laying on the ground, slowly fastening his small shorts with a defeated look on his face.

"Then give me a copy of your kills so I don't have to keep coming back, Satan," He stood up and pointed towards the screen, the video now showing the woman pinned to the side of the alleyway with her dress completely shredded and screaming in pain as someone rammed their hips between her legs.

"No," The red-clothed man's eye twitched in annoyance, "You've got enough of my snuff films to last you several lifetimes."

"But this one is really good!" Asmodeus whined as he watched the recorded Satan continue to ream his victim, "I mean...fucking her husband first, then killing him, only to chase the wife through the abandoned town and fucking her, too?"

He looked back towards Satan, a disappointed expression settling on his face as the woman in the video screeched when a knife plunged deep into her stomach, "It's on a scale of beauty that the others can't compare to."

"Like yours are any better," Satan rolled his eyes, the red glow fading as the regular dark color emerged from underneath, "It's not my fault that you don't record the good ones."

Asmodeus stuck out his tongue playfully as he tapped the side of his head, "The really good ones are for private sessions only."

"My point stands: do this shit in your own home."

"Fine," Asmodeus adjusted his shorts, the bulge now obvious, and snapped the straps that helped hold them up across his stomach. Lightly trailing his fingertips up his sides, he carefully fluffed up the hair near his two hot pink curled horns and swayed his hips as Asmodeus purposefully walked right by Satan, making sure that the spindly tail brushed against the other man's groin, "Enjoy your alone time."

Satan didn't move from his position as he watched Asmodeus leave from over his shoulder, only letting out a quiet sigh when the door closed behind the demon of lust. His dark gaze travelled back to his computer, the video still playing as the version of him on-screen plunged his entire right hand into the woman's chest, pulling out her heart along with bits of the now-shattered sternum. Licking the organ clean of excess blood, he bit into it like an apple while keeping up the pace that he had set for himself earlier.

Turning away to let the video play itself out, Satan sat down heavily on the couch nearby the computer desk. One of his hands reached into his pants pocket and fished out a folded up piece of paper, a satisfied smirk stretching across his lips as he opened the note.

Written on it was a simple message, only a few words long.

'Failed contract. America, (Y/n) (L/n).'

There was a name written in one of the bottom corners of the paper, making his smirk even wider: 'Beelzebub'.

The laughter blasting through the headset matched Satan's own as his other hand pressed against the side of his face, the red glow in his eyes intensifying over the dark coloration.

"Thank you so much for returning my call," A young woman sat on her bed, still dressed in her pajamas as the top sheet was carefully draped over her legs. A cell phone was pressed to her ear as she listened intensely at what

the other person was talking about, her colored hues focusing on some invisible spot on her bedroom wall.

A man shifted uncomfortably in his position, crossing his left leg over his right as he hovered in the air right next to her bed, reversing the cross before adjusting again. His dark hair was slicked back by too much styling gel and refusing to move with any motion he made, his dark eyes completely focused on the phone in the woman's hand.

Seeing her face drop from hopeful to devastated in milliseconds was satisfying to watch, inching closer as his ears picked up what was being said to her.

"--ound that your skills aren't adequate enough for our office. I'm sorry, Ms. (L/n), and we wish you luck in your job search."

"Ah, I'm sorry," Ms. (L/n)'s gaze fell down to her lap, struggling to keep a smile on her face, "I didn't realize that I was lacking some qualifications. Have a good day."

Her phone dropped onto the bed as both of her hands pressed against her face, stifling a sob before a pathetic whimper sounded. The man inched even closer to her, leaning down so his lips were close to her ear.

"You were so close, (y/n)...so close."

"Get...away from me...!" She shouted through the tears, his smile widening as he could hear the frustration grow in her voice.

"You know I can't do that, doll. I gotta grant one wish before I'm able to leave your side," The man's voice was as soft as silk, lowering himself down a little to look her in the eye, "Just one tiny little wish and I'm gone for good."

"I don't want to wish for anything," (Y/n) struggled to take in a breath without shuddering, trying to look him in the eyes, "Go bother some other human, genie."

"Sweetcakes, I've already explained this to you several times. Beings like us can't just go to someone else," The man tutted gently, settling his full weight on the bed near her knees and crossing his legs, one over the other, "I've been waiting for almost a year for this one simple, easy wish."

"And I've told you 'no' for every time you ask about it," She quickly retorted, pulling away from him, "You're not going to find me wishing for anything because I know that it will feel much better when I achieve it with my own hands."

"Suit yourself, (y/n)," He shrugged and disappeared from her sight, standing up from her bed and hovering once more as she looked at the phone in her lap. A frown tugged on the corners of his mouth.

"Well, isn't this an interesting sight?"

The man flinched and quickly looked towards the open window into (y/n)'s bedroom, seeing someone leaning in.

His hair was gelled into several spiked bits, mirroring the two red horns protruded from the top of his head. Two black marks curled over his cheeks before pointing up towards his glowing red eyes, a satisfied smirk resting on his lips. Light gray fur lined the hem of the red hood barely holding onto his head, the long-sleeve coat a darker gray while the deep red liner made itself visible as a soft breeze blew through the window.

"Satan," The man partially closed his eyes in distrust, folding his arms across his chest as the blue bejeweled tailed coat caught the sunlight, "What are you doing here?"

"Just checking in on a job that seems to be a problem for you to finish," Satan crawled through the window and sat on (y/n)'s desk, not disturbing anything laid out, "Kinda surprised that convincing

one human

to give you their soul would be this much trouble for the Prince of gluttony."

"Some humans are like that, but they all break at the end," The man looked back towards (y/n), finding her facing the wall right next to her bed as she adjusted the sheets over her, "I'm just a little amazed that she's held out this long against me."

"So you're admitting that you can't do this contract, Beelz?" Satan leaned forward a little, his eyes partially closing smugly.

"I'm admitting that it's taken longer than originally planned," 'Beelz' quickly responded, his tone carrying a warning.

"Three weeks is 'longer than planned', Beelzebub. It's been almost a year and you still haven't managed to get her under your pinky, much less your thumb."

"Shut the fuck up, Satan," The blue-clothed man finally turned on Satan, the satisfied look on the other Prince of Hell widening as his red eyes brightened, "Not every contract needs to be dealt with the same way. This one...I want to

savor

the high I get when a human bends to me."

They stared at each other for a moment before Satan looked towards the sleeping (y/n), standing up from her desk and leaning over her as he studied her face.

"Then let me offer a bet."

Beelzebub's eyes narrowed as they began to emit a red glow, "What kind of wager are you making?"

"This is

your

contract, and there's nothing I can do to change that forcefully," Satan stood up and faced the other Prince, "If she bends to you first, then you get the

entire reward -- her soul and all the fun little things that come with it. If she bends to

me

first...then I get half of her soul while you keep everything else."

"And what makes you think that she'll bend to wrath if she hasn't buckled for gluttony?"

"All humans have the same flaw: their pride. They hate to be proven wrong, no matter what it is. Seeing as Lucifer is dealing with some...bigger stuff right now, why don't us Princes of Hell have a little bit of fun while doing our jobs?" Satan took a step closer to Beelzebub, "I won't even tell the others about the wager. Too many competitors tend to spoil the reward."

"The rules of the contract still apply to you, then," The other Prince commented as Satan's face twisted in acknowledgement, "None of your actions can force her to say the words. It needs to be willing."

"I know, I know."

"Your last few contracts were questionable at best."

"They still said the necessary words in the end. I was just wanting to have some fun before they slipped from my grasp," Satan shrugged.

Beelzebub held his gaze for a moment longer before looking back at the unconscious human sleeping unawares in her bed.

"Then let the games begin."

Chapter 1

"Are you sure?" I quietly asked, knowing the answer before the man responded to the question. He slowly shook his head, not even looking at me anymore as his focus switched to the computer screen in front of him.

"I'm sorry, (y/n), but there are no current openings in the agency. We will call you when there's an offer that fits your parameters."

I only hummed in acknowledgement as I shouldered my purse, turning around and taking the long walk from the third floor to the ground level in silence. This wasn't something that I could understand: to have one of the more prestigious temp job agencies

not

have any active contracts that were for...anything, really. No manual labor, no factory work -- not even a job that had me sitting in front of a phone all shift.

It had been like this for the past year and somehow grew worse three months ago, the money in my savings slowly draining away as I struggled to live as a normal person.

There wasn't much that I asked for in this life -- a simple job that I loved, a place to call home, and maybe owning a pet that could help me through rough times. But now with

him

hanging around, my life was suddenly getting much harder than I thought would be possible.

I narrowed my eyes in frustration as I glanced to my left, seeing the ethereal being that claimed to be a wish-granting creature. He stared ahead of us

until he realized I was looking at him from the corner of my eye, the slicked back dark hair catching the lights as we passed underneath them.

He

definitely

didn't look like any kind of genie that was in the media, his skin pale compared to the colored tones that most people think of. The gaudy-looking blue jacket was almost an eye strain to look at, every inch of the thing covered in blue gems that somehow reflected the light more than the gelled hair. It was strapped closed across his chest, partially revealing a darker blue bodysuit that clung to his form and revealing some muscles whenever he stood up straight. Long thigh-high boots comfortably covered his feet and legs, the gold buckles matching the ones on his sleeves and jacket front as they kept the light blue belts tight around his upper arms and legs.

"Something I can do for you?" The thing's voice was soft as silk, his dark eyes partially closing in a hooded expression as a smile stretched out his lips.

"I've told you what you can do," I bitterly commented, focusing back on the exit door ahead of me and pushing out to the bustling city center. The supernatural humanoid creature followed me out, a laugh rolling from his throat.

"And I've responded the same way to that," He lifted a hand to gently cup his cheek, his teeth biting down on his bottom lip, "I can't leave unless you pay me back for a small favor."

"You won't even tell me what this supposed 'favor' is. For all I know, it could be something that I can't do and I'd get roped into some bigger scheme or get some huge debt dumped on me that will take my lifetime to pay back," Unlocking my bike from the rack, I shoved the chain into my purse and hopped on, steering myself back home while the thing hovered next to me.

"That's the trick about me, darling. We are finicky creatures, and we got tired of people wishing for trivial things."

"I'm not agreeing to anything that I don't know."

"Then it seems I'll be stuck with you for the rest of your life," He sighed, leaning back and crossing one leg over the other as he lips pursed together, "Sad to say, (y/n), but you're choosing the hard road."

"I don't care," I gritted my teeth as I steered onto the bike path in the street, "Anything worth having in this life is meant to be achieved with hard work."

"Then why don't you wish for your luck to change? It seems that it's been going downhill, and that's not something you can grasp with your hands," The creature smiled as he moved slightly ahead of me, catching my eye as our eyes locked for a brief moment, "My powers extend beyond the physical, and luck is a

very

easy thing to change for me."

"No means no, genie," I glanced away and slowed down my bike before stopping at a red light, "For all I know, maybe you're the one doing this bad luck stuff to me. I'm not wishing anything from you if this is your way of forcing me to bend."

"You think that

I'm

doing this?" The man raised an eyebrow with a smirk, "Oh, sweetcakes, I've done nothing to bring your luck down to the ground."

"Then you

have

done something!" I hissed between my teeth as my colored hues locked onto his dark bemused gaze, the smirk growing a little wider on his lips, "I should've known..."

"If you really want to know, I've only played around with some of your characteristics," He followed me as the light turned green, my feet hitting the pedals hard as I tried to vent out my anger by getting home faster. I knew that he'd always be near me and that I couldn't hurt him, but I liked to imagine my fist colliding with his satisfied face, "I tweaked some things just to see what would happen."

"I'm not some fucking video game character that you can play around with!" Putting more energy into the pedalling, I shot him a glare, "You do

not

have permission to fuck with my life!"

"Not to worry, doll. I returned them to normal within the first week of meeting you," He looked at his fingernails as if he had nothing better to do, zooming past the foot traffic while lounging on his back in midair, "All of this is just

your

bad luck."

I remained quiet the rest of the bike ride home, slowly pulling into the partially empty parking lot of the apartment building as my anger boiled away into sadness. Taking in a slow breath through my nose, I lowered my eyes to the ground underneath me as I climbed off of my bike, a sad thought nestling deep inside my head.

When had I become such a volatile person?

A few years ago, I was able to calmly talk myself through a stressful situation and look at the problem with an outside perspective -- but now, I blew up mentally at the tiniest infraction or obstacle. I had never thought

myself to be the kind of person that dreamt of violence, but here I was, mentally assaulting this supernatural thing that had attached itself to me for just over a year like it was second nature.

I barely glanced over my shoulder to look back at the man still lounging in midair, his right leg crossed over his left as he looked up at the apartment building. His gelled hair caught the sun's rays, the natural light bringing forth the slight blue coloring that was embedded deep within the dark hairs. The outfit he wore was nearly blinding to look at in the full sun, causing me to wince and look away before dismounting the bike, parking it in the rack and locking it up.

"I'm sorry," My words were quiet in my own ears, my right hand reaching up and grabbing a fistful of my shirt collar as if I was trying to keep myself from saying the words, "I haven't been myself lately, and...I'm just tired of all this stress."

The man kept quiet as he followed me up the staircase, the sun casting a deep shadow over his eyes as he moved into a standing position despite still being a few inches off the ground.

"Would it...be better for you to have me find someone that could use your wish?" I started taking out my house key from my purse as I climbed the staircase to the first level, "I can think of a few people here in the building that would probably be more than willing to take your deal."

A heavy silence smothered the air around us, following me until I reached my apartment's front door.

I couldn't get a read on the guy. He kept pestering me about asking for one wish from him, absolutely adamant that

I

was the one to ask, but when I had talked about him going to others...he always grew quiet like this.

It was puzzling, but it solidified the thought that he needed

me

for some specific reason.

"I know it's not the answer you're looking for, but--"

I stopped when I turned around, expecting to see the man behind me like always.

I found nothing but empty space along the apartment building walkway.

He was gone.

"...hello...?" I softly asked no one, looking around in confusion before opening the front door and stepping inside.

The dim ambient light of the apartment grew a little more as the door closed behind me, sealing me inside. Removing my shoes and gently placing my purse on top of the shoe cabinet, I took in a deep breath before letting it out through my mouth as I looked around the apartment devoid of guests.

Despite me wanting to get rid of the guy, it felt much different than I thought it would when he would eventually leave. Instead of feeling relief or some kind of joy at his departure, I felt hollow for some reason.

"Holy shit. You're really heartbroken about that, aren't you?"

I jumped in surprise before looking around the empty apartment for the source of the voice, quickly moving between rooms as I felt the seed of anger grow within my chest.

"Who the hell are you?! What do you want from me?" I cried out as I searched for the speaker, a laugh ringing out behind me as I moved toward the common area. Viciously turning around to see nothing by the front door, I clenched my fists tightly before raising my voice, "Show yourself, dammit!"

A finger traced along the bottom of my jaw, drawing my ire as I felt my head move towards my right, narrowing my eyes as I stared at some other

guy that looked a little similar to the first.

His glowing red eyes widened as our gaze connected, the smirk across his lips stretching even more into a wicked sneer. The dark hair was gelled into smaller tufts that were styled into points, some of his longer bangs framing the sides of his face perfectly as his eyebrows lifted slightly. His ears were pierced with three earrings on each, two studs and one smaller black hoop earring that barely rested against the fur collar of his jacket. A deep crimson red bodysuit clung to his frame, the neck plunging down to his navel and exposing some of his abs and chest while a few thick chain links hung from the choker hugging his neck.

The man leaned in a little more, his fingertip pressing my chin up towards him.

"You're quite interesting."

"Get out of my home," I yanked my head away from his hand, the man standing up to his full height as he continued to look down at me.

The black-and-red long-sleeved jacket hung down to his calves and exposed the bright red boots snuggly wrapped around his feet and lower legs. I could see the same color of red dying the jacket hood that rested against his back, raising my left index finger towards my front door.

"Get out. Now!"

"You've got no right to make demands of me," The man seemed amused, breaking my eye contact and looking around the apartment, "In fact, I'm the one that's going to be making demands of you, (y/n)."

I stilled at my name, the tone of his voice suggesting that he wasn't going to be leaving voluntarily.

"If you're with the other guy, then my answer remains the same. I'm not asking for any kind of wish from you."

"Oh, that's fine," His answer caught me off guard, watching in uncertainty as the red clothed man reached out and rubbed the back of my couch, flopping over the armrest and lounging across all three seat cushions, "You see, there's a bit of a challenge going on between me and the other guy."

"A challenge? To try and get me to ask a wish from you?" I didn't move any closer as his feet tucked up against the armrest, his form now completely behind the back of the couch.

"You see," His voice suddenly sounded behind me, a pair of arms wrapping around my shoulders as I felt extra weight sit on top of my head, "The other guy was really,

really

patient with you, toots. However, a year has passed with no result...so now it's my turn."

"I already said 'no', now get the hell out!" I tried to shove his arms off of me, my face paling when they didn't even budge, "Get off of me!"

"This puts us in a bind...when a customer doesn't use our services," The man continued as if I hadn't said or done anything, "So, consider me the manager that tries to solve the customer's problems. Since you're acting like such a dried up housewife that hasn't had good dick in several years from a husband who no longer loves you, I'm giving you a chance to say what we need to hear willingly."

Words tried and failed to organize themselves, my face flushing at his raunchy example while I kept trying to remove myself from his strong hold.

"So, little (y/n) that does everything with her own strong will, how does it feel to not have things go your way? Why do you still have that strong mental fortitude that's clearly not doing you any favors?" The man shifted his grip further down, tightening his arms around my upper chest and completely lifting me off the ground without much hassle. I kicked and screamed for him to let me go, only to be thrown into the couch, scrambling up and moving away from the monster.

"Don't you dare touch me!" I shouted as loudly as I could, hoping that the neighbors all around me were home and called the police to help me with this...thing. The man's eyes partially closed as a satisfied smirk tugged at the corners of his lips, crawling over and closing the space between us as I tried to roll over the opposite armrest. His hand darted out and caught my left leg, stopping my momentum and forcing me into an odd hanging angle as my hips were just below the armrest on the other side of the couch, the back of my head touching the ground as my back strained to find some kind of comfortable position.

"Aww, baby doll," His voice didn't soften with the supposedly kind words, "You're all kinds of fun that I'd love to have, but I can't really afford to play at this point."

To my horror, he kept me still while lowering himself over me, his knees pinning my leg between them as his hands moved from my left leg up to my waist. My arms immediately clamped down over my breasts as his fingers traced up my sides.

"I wish you'd go away!" I closed my eyes tightly and screamed in desperation. In a heartbeat, the atmosphere around us grew quiet, drawing me to open my eyes and look at the man that had stopped moving over me.

Shock written all over his face before his eyes widened in satisfaction, his expression twisting into pure unadulterated amusement as the red glow grew brighter within his eyes.

"You said it..." His voice was quiet before his hands grabbed at my shirt and roughly threw me back onto the couch, floating in midair as a wicked laughter rolled within his chest, the noise echoing throughout the room as he opened his mouth to release the sound. The common area reverberated with his thunderous laughter, his glowing eyes locked on mine.

His appearance suddenly shifted as a wind picked up around him, some of the hair parting to reveal two curved horns that were a deep blood-red color while a long thin tail snaked out from underneath his long coat, a pair of black wings unfurling grotesquely from his back. The fingers of each wing were spindly, almost like a bat's wing, before black skin flowed down each

finger and connected to the other fingers, creating two wings of darkened flesh. His laughter became more chaotic as the wind grew more vicious, pulling at my hair and clothes while I sat fixated on his shifting face.

"You fucking said it!" The man's face grew more dark as thick marks created a heavy outline of each eye, almost mimicking the bags that would appear when someone didn't get enough sleep. Black scars spread over his cheeks from underneath each ear, curving up to a point just underneath his eyes in a mocking shape of his horns, "He takes a year and accomplishes nothing, but I fuck you over in

less than an hour

!"

I couldn't speak, the wind furiously pulling the air from my throat as I fought to breathe in front of this shapeshifter. The man seemed to notice my plight, the laughter dissolving a little as he leaned down towards me.

"Speechless in front of the mighty Prince of Hell," His index finger rested underneath my chin, the wicked sneer resting on his face as his eyes now regarded me like I was dirt that was dragged into his home, "You're not my mark, but I can still have some fun with you--"

"That was

not

the wager, Satan!"

The man's eyes widened in surprise before he was sent sprawling against the far wall, the familiar blue bejeweled coat trailing after him as my eyes tried to keep up with the action. The windstorm died down within my apartment, allowing me to breathe once more as I fought to steady myself on the couch, my eyes darting over to the far wall of the common room to see the genie from before pin the man dressed in red up against the plaster.

"A little too late, Beelzebub," The man sneered with a wide grin, both of his hands pulling at the other's arm that had pressed against his throat, "You're the one that left."

"We had agreed that we wouldn't force her!" The genie yelled in anger, the two blue floating strings on his head catching my eye. They looked to be like insect antennae, curling up over his head before trailing down to his shoulders, the deep blue color fading to a darkish black shade as it swelled in smaller sections the closer it came to his forehead. Two wings had sprouted from his upper back, splaying wide as the glistening bug-like membrane caught what little light there was in the apartment and reflecting a brilliant blue color.

"I

didn't

! Bitch said everything on her own!" The man against the wall coughed before yanked down the other's arm, freeing himself while throwing him against the ground. He groaned a little as he rubbed his neck with his right hand, glaring down at the newcomer before his gaze lifted to me, "The contract was completed within its parameters. It's not my fault that I wanted to have some fun after the year of blue balling that I had to endure from you two fucks."

My face twisted up in anger as the man held my gaze, his tongue quickly swiping over his bottom lips while letting his eyes slowly fall down on my figure, "I wished you gone...so why are you still here?!"

"Aww, sweetcheeks," The man stepped over the other who was still recovering from the harsh throw, laying on his right side while trying to get up. I started to back away as he came closer to me, "You're right. You

did

wish me gone...but it's just too fucking bad that you didn't give a deadline of

when

I needed to be gone."

"You cheated, Satan," The man behind him managed to get to his knees, leveling a blood red glare up at him, "The contract may accept that situation, but

I

will not!"

"Shut the fuck up, Beelzebub!" 'Satan' spun around and pointed at the other man's head, "I've been working on this whore for the last three months while you've been putzing around, diddling your dick in your hands like it was fucking putty! All I needed was to trigger the anger that I've been cultivating, so don't be a pussywillow and whine about the contract being fulfilled when you were off 'taking a break'."

"You know that's not what that was!" 'Beelzebub' stood up, quickly advancing towards 'Satan' and shoving him harshly. I had to scramble to get out of the way before the man crashed into the couch, tipping it over from the force alone and throwing me over to the open kitchen, sliding across the floor until friction allowed me to stop, "Lucifer called me back for a progress update, and you took advantage of that!"

"Please..." The second man rolled his eyes as he lay where he fell, waving a hand in the air lazily, "Don't use that pathetic excuse again."

I shook my head to regain my senses from the throw, the names that the men were using clicking with some early memories from church when I was forced to attend as a child. 'Satan' and 'Beelzebub' were two names of fallen angels, two of the...Princes of Hell.

They weren't wish-granting genies or any kind of supernatural creature that used humans for their own devices...

They were demons.

"She asked for a wish, so now it's in the contract to ask for a favor from her," Satan commented lightly as he stood up, brushing off his long coat like nothing had happened, "My part of the agreement still stands, Beelz. You get half, along with the other goodies that come from completing a contract."

"Half...of what?" I couldn't help but ask as I stared at the red boots now walking towards me, my eyes slowly trailing up Satan's form until I was looking into his eyes.

"Your soul, dollface."

Chapter 2

"My...soul?" The redundant question fell from my lips as Satan crouched down in front of me, gripping my chin tightly between his index finger and thumb while his intense red gaze remained fixated on my colored hues.

"That's right, sweetcheeks," His tongue partially unfurled from his mouth, the wet organ lightly pressing against my left cheekbone as I quickly shut my mouth, "I don't care how you give it to me, but that breath of life that you have is now mine."

"

Ours

," The sharp tone of the other demon seemed to catch Satan off-guard, the red-clothed figure quickly turning around to glare at Beelzebub.

"Yeah, yeah..." Not even hiding the displeasure in his voice, I tried pulling my chin away from his hand.

"Wait!" I felt Satan's grip tighten more as I tried to pry myself away, my frightened eyes looking up into his eyes before switching to the passive glance of Beelzebub, "I don't think my soul is tasty enough for you yet!"

Satan paused in his movement, his tongue slipping back into his mouth before letting out a raucous laughter.

"It doesn't matter to me, wench," His fingers barely loosened their grip as Satan stood up, dragging me up with him, "Every soul is delicious no matter the condition."

"Then...what about you?" I quickly looked over to Beezelbub, the blue-dressed demon still standing by the overturned couch. He crossed his arms over his chest as his red eyes briefly locked with mine before switching to stare at Satan.

"Her soul isn't ripe enough for me yet."

"You've gotta be fucking

kidding me!

" Satan roared in anger, slamming me down to the ground as he spun to face the other Prince of Hell, "You're gonna let her sweet talk her way out of your hands?! It's just half! No one's gonna fucking care if it's not the taste you want!"

"I will," Beelzebub took a step over the couch as he advanced towards the red-clothed demon, "This is

my

contract and if her soul isn't to my taste, then I won't complete it."

"You..." The air began to swirl around Satan, an aura like fire starting to waft from his clothes and hair as the thin demonic tail whipped around like some agitated snake, "The Prince of Gluttony is really going to allow some

human

to interfere with his contract?!"

"I will not allow the contract to be fulfilled until her soul is suitable for my tastes," Beelzebub didn't flinch away from the approaching Prince, his eyes narrowing in a challenge as both demons faced off.

"Your 'tastes' will take too long for her to achieve! Just eat the damn soul now and move on to the next contract!" Satan snarled in Beelzebub's face, sharp fangs flashing behind the wicked sneer, "It's why you've taken your time with every single fucking contract you've taken for those damn musicians! Not every soul can be satisfied before a sudden death."

"And not every soul needs to be stolen in the heat of passion, Satan!" Beelzebub hissed back, his own fangs showing in response, "You may not have refined tastes like I do, but you

will

respect my decision."

"Why the fuck would I?!"

"Because it's still

MY CONTRACT

!" The roar from the blue-clothed demon was deafening, causing me to clamp my hands over my ears as I stayed as still as I could after Satan threw me into the ground, not wanting to draw either of their attention to me. The wind around the two demons stirred itself into a frenzy as one of them yelled in anger before the sound suddenly cut out, the atmosphere eerily still.

I tentatively opened my eyes and released my ears, both curious and worried about what happened within my apartment.

Beelzebub stood alone in the middle of a large scorch mark that almost spanned the entire floor of the living room, his eyes now dark and empty of the vicious red glow they held earlier.

I cautiously stood up, wincing a little as my left shoulder protested some of the movement, unsure if I should approach the demon standing alone in my apartment.

"You're a lot smarter than I took you for, (y/n)--"

"What?" I was surprised by the gentle tone of his voice, having heard him yell only moments ago.

"But that's the only thing I'll give you credit for," He continued as if I hadn't interrupted him, "So...now that you know you're living on borrowed time, I'd suggest trying to make the most out of it."

The red glow in his eyes was back with a vengeance, sweeping over my form as he walked towards me.

"Struggle as hard as you can to fulfill your heart's desires, climb the steepest cliffs...because I'll be right on your heels, savoring the moment when you slip and fall. I'll savor every bite that I take and every scream that you make, knowing that you did all of that work...for nothing."

In a flourish of blue fire, Beelzebub vanished from the common room.

To say that it was hard to find the drive to do anything after that is a massive understatement.

I had been told that I was going to be killed after finding something that really satisfied me, and I was just supposed to accept it and move on?

No

, I shook my head to clear away the dark thoughts as I sat patiently on the public train,

This is the seventh interview that I've had this week, and I'm not going to blow it because I'm too busy thinking about what Beelzebub warned me about. Everyone dies, and now that I know

when

it'll happen to me, I'm able to do what I can to achieve my happiness before time runs out.

My hands clenched tighter around my purse as I waited for my stop to be called, worry trying to spread through my body as I kept my depressive thoughts held at bay by willpower alone. I knew that I was driving myself to the edge of fatigue at this point.

I had spent the last three days churning out resumes and applications, getting a few callbacks from unexpected places and diving right into the interviews. In order for me to die satisfied, I needed to get into a career that I actually wanted to do, and that required a bit of time in the subsidiary fields that allowed me to gain experience before jumping into the deep end.

I couldn't really afford to spend those years in school and, while it would've been the smart choice to prolong my life, I don't think that either Prince of Hell would allow me the freedom to spend four or six years gaining a degree to only get the job ripped away from me before I even started.

My mind paused.

No, that actually seemed to be right up their alley -- force me to spend money, waste time, and possibly take on loans that I'd never pay back because I'd die before I set foot in the career field I wanted.

I stifled a yawn, covering my open mouth with a hand and squeezing my vocal cords tight to not produce any sound. Seven interviews in three days and running on five hours of sleep, at most.

Yep -- definitely not where I need to be mentally for a job interview, but I had to get my foot in the door somehow.

"

Washington/Wabash Station. Washington/Wabash Station is next.

"

I sprang awake when I heard my stop called out by the automated voice, standing up and moving over towards the doors as people shuffled out of the way.

One more interview, and then I'll take tomorrow off

.

Beelzebub lay comfortably on the couch in (y/n)'s home, the furniture turned upright and put back in place despite the scorch mark still present on the wood floor and the furniture. His left leg was propped up on his right knee, kicking the foot around lazily while holding his head up a little bit with both arms.

He had been within her apartment the entire time since his little flashy disappearance, watching (y/n) in amusement as she frantically tried to find either of the demons before she shut herself in her room. A few hours had passed before she emerged in the outfit she usually wore for job interviews, fiddling with her phone before slipping her shoes on and locking the front door behind her.

When his curiosity couldn't handle it anymore, Beelzebub had found his way into her room to see her laptop left open and on top of her messed up bed, leaning over to see several tabs open within her internet browser. A quick peruse showed that his little meal had been busy for those hours, the futile efforts bringing a pleased smirk to his lips.

Oh, she was going to be tasty when he took her.

Beelzebub's expression partially soured.

No, he'd have to share her with

him

.

He looked over to the front door from his position on the couch, cocking his eyebrow in uncertainty as his projected return time for her passed. She was travelling to a train station further in the city, but the tickets that she had purchased were for the express and that should've brought her back here about three minutes ago.

Beelzebub sat up as a weird, heavy weight began to settle in his gut, placing a hand over it as he looked down at his stomach in confusion.

This wasn't what he usually felt when his contracted prey was in danger of dying to something other than him.

No, this was something that he hadn't felt in millenia.

He -- Beelzebub, Hell's Prince of Gluttony -- was

worried

about his prey?

His dark eyes flicked back to the clock hanging on the wall. Ten minutes past the scheduled arrival time.

Beelzebub stood up from the couch, his right hand tossing back the coat tails before he stalked towards the front door and passed through the locked entryway. The pouring rain wasn't what he was expecting to see outside, but it would have no bearing on what he'd do.

Slipping his right index finger and thumb into the corners of his mouth, he let out a shrill whistle before stepping onto the railing between the common walkway and a twenty foot fall, his eyes narrowing in on movement to his left. A wicked grin rested on his lips as his familiar ride pulled off of the ground and stopped mid-air next to the railing he was standing on, letting himself drink in the sight of the hellish motorcycle.

With the exception of the exhaust pipes and wheels, the entire motorcycle was painted his signature blue and accented with the same gold color of his buckles and crown. While the other Princes had their own little flair to their own rides, Beelzebub took pride in the classic street ride look he managed to create, taking

some

inspiration from an American company before putting his own spin on everything else. The headlight bore a compound design, mimicking his insect motif while the main body of the motorcycle was armored with some spikes for flair.

"Not a perfect day for a ride," Beelzebub commented to himself as he straddled the seat, slipping comfortably into the saddle as his hands gripped the handles to rev up the machine, "But it'll have to do."

Twisting the right handle to open up the throttle, Beelzebub smiled as the tires squealed against the air underneath them, shooting off before gently

cruising to the ground. If his meal had been forced out because of the weather, then he would be better off looking around the sheltered places for the wandering human.

An hour passed and the rain didn't show signs of letting up anytime soon, pushing Beelzebub to drive faster. If his human died before he could get there, then the contract would be nullified and he'd have a pissed off Satan on his ass for wasting a 'tasty' soul.

'His human'

? When had he started thinking like that?

Beelzebub rolled his eyes in disgust. A Prince of Hell didn't need to claim something as their own. The earth that God made was their playground and the humans so loved by the Creator was

theirs

to fuck with and mess around on.

His tongue quickly swiped over his top lip as his thoughts drifted to the meal. Beelzebub

did

like how hard (y/n) was struggling to find something to take satisfaction in, despite knowing that he'd be right there to strip everything away. This past year was almost a treat for him, and he'd never admit to delaying it because he got off on seeing her struggle through the problems that he caused.

Beelzebub allowed the light smile to spread into a cruel one.

(Y/n) was a fun human to fuck with, and if he was another Prince, then maybe--

The motorcycle skidded to a halt along the empty street as Beelzebub caught the familiar, yet peculiar, mixture of sneezing and coughing echoing out from somewhere underneath the bridge he was passing by, drawing his

attention from the happy thoughts he was having. Urging the motorcycle forward a little, his eyes caught the sight of a rain-soaked (y/n) leaning against the support beam of the bridge, her purse tucked underneath an arm in a futile attempt to keep it dry from the downpour that she had clearly gotten caught in.

Her interview clothes were clinging to her form as she muffled another cough with her hands, rubbing them off instantly against the thighs of her pants. The suit pants needed to be professionally cleaned to look crisp again, as well as the jacket, but the white shirt underneath...

Beelzebub shook himself from the thought, revving his motorcycle to get her attention.

"Need a ride?" He asked when her head snapped over to where he was, parked on the side of the road.

"Beelzebub..." It was hard to determine if there was relief or distrust in her voice, but (y/n) walked over to him regardless, "Why'd you bother looking for me?"

"Looked outside and figured you'd need a ride," He bit his tongue on the real reason.

"You were...worried about me being in a little rain?" (Y/n) tried to hold a teasing tone, her face morphing into a scoffing expression before her body spasmed with the harsh coughs again. Beelzebub refrained from reaching out to her, despite the sudden urge to do so. When she recovered, (y/n) gave a little nod before moving towards the back of his seat. The closest spike on the rear tire cover moved itself back further to allow for a comfortable enough position.

Beelzebub waited until she was fully seated on the motorcycle before taking off again, spreading his wings out and back to create an umbrella of sorts for (y/n). She gently hooked her arms around his chest and pressed the side of her face against his back, drawing some of his attention from the road as he tried to think of something to say to pass the time.

"Thanks, Beelz..." Her voice was quiet against the roar of the motorcycle's engine, but he heard the despised nickname uttered from her lips.

Beelzebub liked it a little more when she said it.

--Mature-- Chapter 3

WARNING! This is a mature chapter, and meant for an 18+ audience. If you're younger than that, I respectfully ask that you find something else to read.

If you're older than 18, you may continue at your own discretion.

This story contains scenes of emotional/mental manipulation and rape (male to female).

The door slammed open, the wood underneath his fingers still smooth despite the fading layers of red polish. Tossing off his coat and flopping down on the couch, he threw both of his hands behind his head in an attempt to prop it up a little as he chewed the inside of his cheek in anger.

"I'm guessing that your recent trip didn't go so well."

The bored voice drew the male's attention to his front door, a blazing red glow filling his eyes as he sat up to see another man standing within the doorway.

The newcomer's dark hair was slicked down in the front, creating a gelled fringe that completely covered his left eye. The long black coat hugging the man's chest was tightly buttoned up and revealed a pair of green pants belted around his waist, the hems of which were tucked into calf-high heeled boots. The boots shared the same black coloration as the jacket, but held the green color along the straps, heel, and toe as the pants. A lighter green shirt flared out from underneath the jacket's collar, both of them styled in a 'v' neck fashion and revealing the sternum and neck of the man.

A pair of partially curled green horns sprouted from near his temples, sweeping down towards the back of his head before pointing skyward.

"What the hell do you want, Belphegor."

"Considering your abrupt return, I thought it would be best to annoy you," The man scoffed, rolling his eyes as Satan closed the distance between them, "I'm guessing that the contract went poorly, or went in a way that you weren't expecting. Should I leave you alone for another...five minutes while you beat out your stress?"

"Shut the fuck up," As Satan grabbed the edge of the open door, Belphegor shoved his right boot against it to keep it from slamming shut, "

Move.

"

"I don't think so," The Prince of Hell lifted a short stack of papers into view from behind his back, waving it a little in the air before Satan grabbed it from him, "I thought you'd be interested in seeing these first before you jerk off. Maybe it'll sweeten the climax."

"Why?" Unfazed by the familiar taunting, he only lifted an eyebrow as the glow in his eyes began to fade.

"Last I checked, you were still interested in ruining Beelzebub's contracts for the next millennia or so, and I figured that these would give you some juicy information," The monotone voice of Belphegor finally caught Satan's interest, his brow lowering as he looked down to the papers and folders in his hand, "It seems that he wants to prolong the current contract."

"You're fucking me."

"Not today."

"Christ in hell," Satan walked back to the couch, tossing down some of the papers on the bottom onto the table just in front of it while holding some closer to his face, "How long do these requests go back?"

"About nine months."

A wicked grin spread across Satan's lips, his fangs revealing themselves as his lips pulled apart, "He tried looking for a way to prolong it that quickly? Let's see...'Extensions', 'Contract Phrasing', 'Request for New Addendums'...oh, Beelz, you're too fucking precious."

He looked back towards Belphegor, the newcomer refusing to step into the home, "When was he here last?"

Both of them stilled as a familiar bolt of lightning jarred their thoughts, a reaction that always happened when a Prince of Hell arrived back home. Satan stayed still for a second more, confirming that the other five Princes had been in this realm for the entire time before the wicked grin reappeared on his face.

Looking back at the papers now spread across the table, he reached for one of the sheets along the bottom and pulled it up to read. The time was stamped only three days ago, from when Satan made that human utter the words needed to complete the contract.

Tossing the paper down, he looked to Belphegor, "I need to pay Asmodeus a visit."

Standing in the human's place of residence was a thrill to his senses, the soft noise of water alerting Satan that she was in the middle of taking a shower. The small bottle in his left hand drew his attention, the clear liquid inside a creation of Asmodeus' own design.

If this human was something that was worth extending a contract for in Beelzebub's eyes, then Satan wanted to know

exactly

why he was putting so much effort into this meal. She clearly wasn't pretty, in beauty or weight standards...so that only left one option left in his mind. If the meal was good enough for a Prince of Hell in bed, then he'd want a taste of that pie before Beelz ate her whole.

Satan had seen the way that Beelzebub had looked at the human, had seen the way he fought against the contract being completed by someone other than himself.

Shaking the bottle a little in his hand to remind himself of the weight, Satan cautiously walked forward and placed his free hand against the warm door of the bathroom, hearing the water splash against the sides of the tub and the interim of cascading pulses as he imagined the human washing her hair. His fist tightened around the glass bottle, suddenly unsure if he wanted to use the demonic aphrodisiac.

It had been so long since he had a human screaming for mercy underneath him, after all...taking away that fight would be cruel for his tastes.

Tucking the small glass bottle into his back pocket, he closed his eyes and phased through the door without opening it. Looking around the bathroom, Satan eyed the shower curtain that was fully drawn closed, a look of satisfaction crossing his face before turning his attention to the steamed up mirror revealing an empty bathroom. Confident that his invisibility was holding, he took a few steps closer to the shower curtain and watched the human's figure through the partially sheer plastic sheet.

She had her back turned towards the showerhead, rinsing out her hair and running her fingers through the wet strands, arching her back and forcing her chest outward from the position. Satan had to play his cards right if he wanted to ruin her, fighting against his usual method of tearing down the curtain and raping her right on the spot.

No...this had to be done in a way that would shatter her mental state. Make her think that she had no choice but to go along with it.

The aphrodisiac would cloud her judgement nearly instantly, making her like putty in his hands, but Satan

wanted

the fight. He wouldn't use it until he was certain she was broken, feeding her constant lies until she thought

she

was the one who started the event.

"Come on, (y/n)," Her voice caught Satan off-guard, snapping his attention back to her figure as she talked to herself, "You've got the day to yourself, so don't let what he said get to you."

Satan's eyes widened, his fist clenching as he watched the human turn to face the showerhead. Allowing his lips to part a little, he cautiously whispered into the air.

'

I need to remember what he said.

'

"It was...practically a confession...I think," She responded willingly, believing the whisper to be her own thoughts as Satan completely stilled at the revelation, "Beelz seemed so nonchalant about saying it, but he was blushing the whole time."

He was surprised that his glare didn't burn the curtain down between them. Beelzebub...actually

liked

this human?

'

And what are my feelings towards him? He's a demon, after all.

'

"I don't know..." She squirted something into her hand before raising it onto her head, washing his hair once more as the human bought time for her to

think of an answer, "I haven't really thought of being in a relationship since my last one failed...but maybe if he was a human, I'd give him a chance."

Satan saw his opportunity, barely moving the opening in the curtain as he stepped into the shower with her, standing towards the back of the tub as he watched her movements carefully. The water ran in small streams over her shoulders and down her back as her bare chest faced the showerhead, her fingers working in the lathing shampoo into her hair. Splashes of water hit his boots as the steam began to make his clothing a little uncomfortable to be in, but these feelings were nothing compared to the tightness of his pants as he stood inches away from her naked form.

'

What would I want him to do with me?

'

Still, the 'inner voice' didn't seem to bother her, the words making her pause in her scrubbing as Satan watched her legs stiffen a little, a satisfied smile pulling at his lips.

"...nothing really."

The lie was easy for him to hear, his ears picking up the sudden tension in her voice as she swallowed after muttering the two words.

Time to kick it up a notch.

'

Would I want him to touch me?

'

To emphasize the question, Satan lightly brushed his fingertips up her back, starting near her waist and pulling them up to her shoulders. The foaming shampoo began to trail down her wet skin, the bubbles clinging to Satan's fingers as he moved through the tracks.

(Y/n) gasped harshly and turned around, her left arm covering her breasts as her wide eyes searched for something that wasn't there. The blush was fighting to cling to her cheeks as Satan watched her expression carefully, picking up smaller details he never noticed before as she ran her right hand through her sudsy hair again to try and calm down.

"Hello? Beelz?" She pulled aside the curtain a little to look out to the empty bathroom, her nervousness making her voice shake, "Anyone?"

Satan stood still, his voice quiet as another whisper wormed into her head, '

It was just my hair. There's no one home, and I know that I've locked the bathroom door.

'

The words sent a wave of calm through her body, the tension slowly leaving it as (y/n) closed the curtain and turned back towards the showerhead, releasing her breasts and continuing her routine. Satan noticed that she was shaking, though, and her pace had picked up a little.

'

Though...it did feel kinda good...right?

'

Her movements stopped, her mortal brain probably trying to figure out if she was actually thinking such perverse thoughts or if her mind was playing tricks on her because she

knew

she was alone. Satan was no stranger to human literature, and knew that this was the most clichéd horror trope that people loved to fantasize about.

Shaking her head to an inner thought, (y/n) continued scrubbing her hair before turning to face Satan, tilting her head back to rinse out the thick lather of shampoo.

His dark eyes immediately flicked to her breasts, seeing the plump mounds move with each breath the human took as both suds and water created perfect little rivers around them. The uncomfortable feeling in his trousers was more than enough reminder to play this out right, knowing that he could take her just like the thousands, if not millions, before her...but he wanted the satisfaction of knowing he ravaged her before Beelzebub could.

A light hum vibrated through her throat as she stood back up, letting the water cascade over her body for a moment before reaching back near the rear corner of the shower to grab a scrubbing cloth and bodywash. He barely moved from his position when he realized what she was going for.

"I must be insane if I think something like

that

could happen between me and a demon," (Y/n) shook her head before squeezing out some bodywash and lathering up the cloth, "No thanks..."

Satan winced a little, needing to change her mindset a little.

'

But...maybe I should try it? You know, just to say that I did it with a demon.

'

A scoff burst from her lips, the washcloth rubbing against her left shoulder before working its way down her arm, "Yeah, right..."

'

Maybe just a kiss...and then we could see where it...goes...

'

On the last word, Satan implanted a brief image of Beelzebub holding (y/n) close as his lips pressed down fiercely on hers, his left hand dipping down

into her pants while his right arm wrapped around her back, the hand tugging up her shirt and reaching underneath her bra.

(Y/n) shook her head fiercely, leaning forward a little as her breathing picked up.

The Prince of Hell knew he had her. The trick that Asmodeus had taught him

always

worked, especially when it came to bringing lustful or wrathful thoughts into human minds.

"No..." The sweet whimper told Satan that she was letting the image evolve in her head, probably imagining things that he wouldn't mind doing to her.

Once more, he lifted his fingertips to her back, feeling her skin flinch a little under their touch before he raised them up to her shoulders, hearing a light moan emanate from her mouth as his fingers splayed a little on her upper arms before stroking down her back. She shifted her weight a little, leaning back into his fingers as her voice hitched.

"I shouldn't...mmnnn..."

"Tell me where you want me to touch," Satan spoke using mimicry, leaning forward and licking the back of her neck. His fingers pressed harder into her skin as she willingly pushed back against him, a wicked grin tugging at a corner of his lips. The dumb human really thought he was the Beelzbub from her own fantasy, and he was going to play the part until he got to the good stuff.

"Beelz...I don't care..." Her breathless whispers were more than enough to fully arouse him, almost as much as she would if she was screaming underneath him in fear. Satan lowered one of his hands to her waist and raised the other underneath her arm, hearing her breathy anticipation.

"Here?" With the question, his left hand dipped towards her groin and his right hand slipped underneath her right breast, cupping the mound softly as the water streamed down her body. A confirming whimper was all he needed to hear before playfully nipping at the back of her neck as his fingers rubbed along her opening while the others squeezed the breast in his grip, the human's arms reaching up and holding his head close to her as her own fingers entangled themselves in his short hair.

He pressed himself more into her back, the obvious bulge settling nicely on her buttocks as her hands instantly released Satan's hair to prop herself up on the opposing wall. If she felt the slight difference between his and Beelz's hair lengths, then his illusion would shatter faster than he anticipated...though, it probably would've been more fun for him if it did. With her hands now occupied with keeping her standing, Satan pressed a little harder against her as his fingers slipped inside her outer walls, drawing out a heated moan from the meal.

His teeth bit down on her neck as he sucked the skin harshly, the heated moan turning into a cry of pleasure as he plunged his fingers deeper inside of her. The grip he had on her breast had shifted forward a little, rolling her nipple between his thumb and index finger. Letting go of her neck, Satan licked the sore spot before trailing down to her right shoulder.

"How bad do you want me, (y/n)?"

"Can you...not hear it?" She partially turned her head to look at him from over her shoulder, the flushed and pleased look quickly fading into shock and fear as her eyes widened, "Satan?! Get off me!"

"Not a chance, sweetcheeks," Satan snarled in pleasure as his hands reminded her what position he had her in, viciously digging into her entrance and pinching the nipple even tighter as both hands lost their gentle touch, "It's so nice of you to say that you want

me

, though."

"No, not you!" (Y/n) cried out as he bit down on her right shoulder, sucking the skin harshly enough to leave a wicked looking hickey. Her voice was cut off as his tail wrapped over her mouth, silencing any protests as he released her nipple, shifting his right hand to splay against her back and forcing her into a bent position. His left fingers slipped in deeper as her walls tightened around them, her body trying to reject him despite the pleasure it was clearly feeling from what was happening.

"Your soul may not be tasty enough for Beelz, but

I

don't give a shit about what condition it's in," Satan leaned over with her, pressing his bulge against her buttocks and giving a satisfied moan when he felt her jolt against the movement, "The condition of the body has

nothing

to do with the condition of the soul, so that means I could take this even further

just like you wanted

."

A whimper sounded against his tail, her body shaking with both anticipation and fear as he pulled his fingers out at an agonizingly slow pace, watching in pleasure as she stayed in the bent over position he had shoved her into.

"It's too bad for you that I'm not the Prince of Lust," Satan whispered into her ear, his tongue flicking out and teasing her earlobe, "I'm sure that you would find

some

pleasure from what I'm about to do to you."

The water continued to stream down onto the pair as he ground his hips against her butt a few times before moving a little away from her, his tail

still firmly wrapped around her mouth as he lowered his face to look at her nethers.

The area was red from abuse, swollen and quivering a little as the shower water washed over the layered lips. Satan smiled to himself before roughly pressing his lips against them, shoving his long tongue deep inside and hearing her cry out. The water made her taste a little diluted, but the sweetness he craved was still present, lapping it up with a hunger he didn't realize he had. Pressing his tongue all around her cavern, he gave a hum of victory that sent vibrations throughout her vagina, making her cry out again in a pleading tone.

A wicked thought struck an idea into Satan's head, working his tail into a better position before finding the entrance to her mouth. (Y/n) let out a muffled scream as the tip of his tail wedged itself between her jaws, her tongue retreating from the foreign object before he pushed it even further until she had no choice. Creating a rhythm with his own tongue, Satan stifled a joyous laugh when she began to mimic it and started giving his tail a blowjob, rewarding her with a softer lashing of his tongue.

The tightness keeping his shaft pinned down was unbearable, his hands quickly pulling down the small zipper of his skinsuit to reveal his pelvis, moving aside the belts and pulling out the swollen and throbbing member. (Y/n) clearly saw it from her new position as she tried to buck away from him, almost biting down on his tail until he nipped her clit in a reprimand, a yelp sounding from her throat that was smothered by the tail gag.

"Is this what you wanted Beelz to give you?" Satan taunted the human as he pulled his face away from her, rubbing his entire length.

The thought was interrupted by a sharp pain in his tail, making him cry out and completely withdraw it from her face. (Y/n) bolted from her position, tripping over the lip of the bathtub and clamoring for the locked bathroom door. Satan watched with interest as she finally unlocked the door and turned towards her bedroom, standing up from the running shower and calmly walking out of the bathroom to follow her soaking wet footprints.

"Leave me alone, Satan!" She shouted from her bedroom, fear completely taking over her voice, "The power of Christ compels you!"

"Oh, ouch," He teased as he rounded the corner, "That's not the fir--"

Searing pain splashed across his face and left shoulder as something wet hit him, the wetness fading into an unbearable heat as he shrieked in pain, stumbling back and fiercely tried to wipe off whatever had hit him. Barely opening his left eye, he could see (y/n) scrambling for something in her dresser, an empty glass bottle in her hand with a silver statue of the Virgin Mary resting within the bottle on the bottom.

Holy water

.

"You...bitch!" His dark eyes flared to life as he dashed into (y/n)'s room, knocking the bottle out of her hand and pinning her other hand above her head, twisting her wrist and forcing her to drop another full bottle to the ground, "That's how you wanna play? Fine! I'll play just as dirty as you!"

Without warning, his left hand grabbed a fistful of her hair and shoved her to her knees, the bang echoing throughout the apartment. Straightening out his shaft, Satan shoved it between her lips before she could realize what he was doing, picking a rough pace and slamming her head against his pelvis without mercy.

"You wanna fuck with the Prince of Wrath, then you fucking get wrath!" Satan shouted, his fangs flashing in the light streaming in from the open window, "I was gonna go easy on you, make sure that you felt some semblance of pleasure from this...but now you're gonna have to do some pretty fucking good begging if you want to survive!"

The stifled cry of fear and shock was a pleasurable vibration against his dick, causing him to go a little faster before holding her lips right against the base, the entire length dipping down into her throat as she tried to take in a breath. Satan could feel her suck air in desperately, but barely any got past his dick wedged down her pipe.

"Oh, I'm sorry," He laughed at the terror growing on her face, "Humans need to breathe, don't they?"

With a fierce grip on her head, he yanked her off completely for a second, letting her gasp before diving back in. He could feel tears and snot run from her face onto his body, but he didn't care. Satan was getting what he wanted from the meal, and he'd kill her afterwards.

Beelzebub be damned.

Half of the human's soul

was

his, and he wanted it now.

The glass vial in his back pocket fell onto the floor, distracting Satan for just a moment as his pace slowed. The aphrodisiac glinted a dark blue in the sunlight as the clear liquid rested in the bottle, a cough and sputter drawing the Prince's attention back to the human practically grovelling naked at his feet.

Tears streamed down her face as snot dripped from her nose, her lips chapped and torn from being pulled apart so suddenly. Her hair clung to her body as water dripped down onto the floor, her hands resting on the ground as she took in deep breaths between the ragged coughing bouts.

Satan wanted to devour her.

"Ready to beg?" His left hand stroked his length, her saliva coating it with a slick film as he kept up the erection.

"Why...are you doing this to me?" (Y/n) whimpered in defeat, her eyes not even lifting to look at his deadly glare.

"I don't need a reason to fuck my prey," The answer seemed unsatisfactory to him, but that didn't make it any less true, "Humans were made to be played with, so we're just fulfilling that purpose for you."

Her coughs turned into sobs, raising her head a little to look at the Prince of Hell through tear-filled eyes, "Then why didn't you do that earlier?"

Satan's lips stayed closed as he tried to think of an answer. He had plenty of opportunities to rape her viciously before this, so what pushed him over the edge?

"I don't hear you begging," He grabbed her head again and brought the tip of his dick up to her lips, "You know what that means."

"Please, do--!"

When her mouth was open on the 'O' vowel, Satan rammed himself back in and continued thrusting into her oral cavity as he ignored the small feeling of guilt, shoving it as far back as he could.

The sounds of her choking and gagging around his massive length were more than enough to normally send his seed spilling into her mouth and down her throat, but now it was turning into a fight to even stay hard.

What the fuck?!

Frustration grew as that small feeling of guilt swelled into regret.

No, he was a Prince of Hell! He could rape and fuck any human he wanted without any trouble!

There was nothing wrong in this situation, so what was--

Satan slowed his vicious pace as he watched (y/n)'s battered form, seeing her quiver in fear as he finally pulled away from her, the uncertainty flooding her eyes as she stilled. His hands fell away from her hair as anger and confusion boiled in his blood, his tail lashing about behind him in agitation.

"...Satan...?"

Fuck, his name sounded sweet on her lips

.

"...I hope this teaches you a lesson, human," The normal threat sounded hollow to him, tucking his withering dick away and fixing his clothes, "Use holy water on me again, and I'll ensure that you can't move for the rest of your life."

Guilt.

It raged through his system as Satan found himself lost and confused in his mind. There was

nothing

to feel guilt over! He had done this several thousand times before, to both men and women!

Betrayal

. He had used one of the tricks the other Princes had taught him to abuse (y/n) sexually, using Beelzebub's face and voice. That shouldn't matter, though! He's done it before with little difficulty.

"Get changed..."

"What?" (Y/n) sounded cautious.

She should be!

"I said 'get--"

"

Satan!

" Beelzebub's voice roared through the room before Satan felt himself thrown against the opposite wall of where (y/n) was, bringing his arms up to block the sudden vine attack.

There wasn't time to say anything as Satan's fingers grew into black talons, summoning blazing chains of steel up from the ground to block another attack from the intruding Prince of Hell, his glaring red eyes meeting another pair that held a fury rivalling his own.

"You'd really stoop this low?!"

Another burst of vines launched from midair around Beelzebub, the demon stalking into (y/n)'s bedroom as Satan was forced to move closer to the window to try and find some space to attack.

"Back off, Beelz!" Satan growled as he found himself pinned in a corner of the room, kneeling on the human's bed and forced to fight defensively as the Prince of Gluttony unleashed brutal attack after attack, "Fuck's sake!"

"I should've done this when you first showed up!" The scroll in the other demon's hand caught Satan's eye, recognizing the sigil for banishment upon the parchment, "I'll bring your half of her soul when I claim it."

"No, don't--!" Satan rushed forward as Beelzebub broke the seal, his thumb opening the scroll as the room was covered in a blood red sigil. Several circles spiraled out from where the scroll had been opened, runes carving themselves into the floor and walls before a growing red light swallowed the area.

In a rush of nausea, Satan heard the cries and screams of agony as he opened his eyes to see the familiar hellscape that he called home. With a groan of disappointment, he adjusted his clothing before sweeping his eyes to his left, his focus settling on the naked and shivering form of (y/n).

Her eyes were wide with fear as her arms clenched across her chest tightly, her colored hues resting on his form as he took long strides to cover the distance between them, "What...what happened?"

"As much as you hate me, I'm now your only lifeline here," Satan uttered quietly as he knelt in front of her, taking off his long coat and swiftly covering her frail body, tugging the zippered edges together before closing

the entire coat around her, "I've been banished to Hell...and Beelzebub tossed you down here with me."

"But I can go back, right?" Her hand trembled against his as Satan helped (y/n) to her feet, "I'm not...stuck down here, right...?"

He glanced away, catching the absolute terror on her face from the corner of his eye, "Yeah...you are."

Chapter 4

I stared at the Prince of Hell in pure terror, my heart racing seven miles a minute as I flinched at the screams and wails of the damned. His cruel dark eyes seemed to soften for a moment before they sharpened into focus, Satan's grip tightening around my hand.

"Now's not the time for 'woe is me', so let's get moving."

"I'm not going

anywhere

with you!" I shouted as I violently pulled my hand from his grip, taking a few steps back as the fear bubbled into anger, events that happened within the last thirty minutes playing over and over in my head, "You

raped

me!"

"And?"

The coldness of his short response wasn't what I was expecting from him, my mind thrown off track for a brief moment before the anger returned tenfold.

"I'm only here because of

you

! If you had never shown up, then I'd be at home where I was safe!" Tears stung at my eyes as my voice became hoarse from the harsh yelling, "Leave me alone and never touch me again!"

"You think that I

wanted

to drag you here with me?" Satan's harsh gaze flicked behind me, sweeping around the crumbling terrain all around us, "You think that

this

is where I wanted to drag you to if I had the choice?! That's a crock of shit, and

you know it

."

I held my tongue, the anger slowly subsiding before my thoughts drifted to what had happened in the bathroom.

"I'm not staying with someone who uses trickery to get what they want!"

Turning on my bare heel, I manage to take a few steps away before I find myself lifted up and draped over someone's shoulder, the dark red bodysuit telling me who it was.

"Let me go, Satan!"

"Uh-huh, and let you wander the wastelands forever?" I felt his shoulder adjust my weight a little before I heard a revving sound, "I don't fucking think so."

Swinging a leg over something, I watched as the rear tire of a motorcycle lifted into view while tightening my grip on Satan's clothes, a small whimper uttered in fear of where he was taking me. The rear wheel spun with the sudden acceleration, squealing and kicking up a cloud of dust before taking off wherever Satan directed.

Three red wings sprouted from the either side of the rear seat of the motorcycle, angling themselves upwards before tilting just a little forward, as if they were getting ready to help the bike fly. The hood of the long coat I

wore flew above my head, falling over it comfortably as the wind rushed past us, the ground underneath the motorcycle gaining speed.

"I'm taking you to my house. You'll be safest there," Satan called out behind him, glancing over his free shoulder to look at me before focusing back on the path ahead of him, "This is Hell, so you're not going to be really safe anywhere...but I'm gonna fucking try while we figure out how to get you back home."

"You're the reason I'm down here!" I started pounding my fists against his back, the anger rising more with each hit, "I don't want your help!"

I felt myself shoved from his shoulder, dropping hard on the ground and harshly rolling to a stop before I tried to gain my bearings. The motorcycle screeched to a stop somewhere behind me as the engine lowered to a purr, gravel and smaller rocks crunching underneath someone's foot as they stepped onto the ground.

"You must be denser than a black hole..." Satan almost sounded disappointed, but I couldn't figure out if it was targeted towards me or not, "If you think that you can survive out here, then I'd really like to see you try."

"I'll be fine!" The words spat themselves out from my lips as my mind disagreed, "I'll find my own way, and--"

Several glowing red chains wrapped themselves around me, pinning my arms to my sides as the links dug into the jacket fabric. Satan gave a small sigh before tucking his taloned hands between the belts hanging from his waist, closing his eyes for a brief moment as he stepped forward.

"Go ahead, human. Find your way out of this."

I grunted as I pulled at the chains stubbornly, growing more and more frustrated as the hellish metal refused to budge with brute force. My grunts slowly turned into sobs as the frustration pooled over into forced acceptance, tears falling from my eyes while I looked in any direction other than where Satan stood.

"If you want to get home, then you'll have to follow my lead," He gave a quick flick with his right hand and the chains disappeared into ash, promptly bringing me close to him with his left arm, "The fact of the matter remains that I'm in more danger than you right now, considering Beelzbub has postponed collecting his payment for nearly a year...and your little 'chat' in the bathroom told me everything else that supports that theory--"

"Get off!" Grabbing his arm, I twisted the bodysuit and some skin between my thumb and index knuckle, pinching him harshly and yanking downward. His yelp of pain was loud, but I took my opening and ran off in a random direction, quickly looking around for somewhere to hide before Satan could regain his head.

"Argh...fuck..." The yells grew more and more quiet as I ran, my eyes finally settling on an opening before squirming inside and muting his voice even further.

The opening widened into a cave of sorts, my hand tracing against the harsh surface of the wall as I continued forward, part of my mind thinking that this was a bad idea while the others were either shocked by where we were or wanted nothing to do with going

anywhere

with Satan.

I still felt his hands rubbing along my back and heard the mimicked voice of Beelzebub asking where I wanted to be touched. My breath hitched as I felt a familiar warmth build in my core, shaking my head violently before taking in a deep breath to try and reset my mind.

That

wasn't Beelzebub.

A subtle pang of pain squeezed my heart gently as I remembered the look of confusion and surprise on Beelzebub's face when he told me that he was going to leave for a while, his reason being that he was 'getting too close' to

me and needed to understand what was happening. The Prince of Hell clearly knew what love was, as he had mocked the notion of it months earlier when he found out about my high school crush, but he didn't seem to know what it felt like to be in love.

"...gonna make this harder for yourself..." Satan's voice faintly echoed through the cave as I flinched away from the entrance, "The longer you stay by yourself, the more attractive you'll become to the other denizens here. I'd rather not fish out your corpse from the belly of a beast."

I withheld my response as his footsteps stopped right in front of the cave.

"You

need

to trust me on this, (y/n)," His tone grew softer as he spoke, like he was about to divulge some deep secret, "I know you're not gonna forget what I did, but I'm just asking that you let me take you somewhere safer than the mouth of a cave devil."

I watched as Satan's taloned left hand braced itself against the top of the cave opening, his right boot crunching down between two larger stalagmites as he leaned into the area and locked his glowing red gaze on me. His right hand shifted into its normal look, reaching out to me with the palm facing upward.

"You can hide from me in my home, and I won't look for you unless you want it," The softness of his tone continued, "I know it's a lot safer than here."

A waft of hot breath came from the back of the cave, making me jump and grab onto Satan's hand tightly before I was pulled completely out. My hands clung to his body suit as he took a few steps back, my eyes widening in fear as the cave transformed into a literal mouth that closed while seven reddish eyes opened around where the lips would be. The cave devil locked eyes with Satan and seemed to recoil back as it shuffled away from the Prince of Hell, its large hulking body leaving a gash in the ground as it walked.

"Honestly, you pick the worst spots sometimes..." Satan sighed as he turned away, my hands forced to let go of his clothing, "The only thing keeping you alive is my jacket, so let's make use of the time."

"I...I'm sorry..."

"I don't need your apology."

"I still want to give it!" I rushed forward and grabbed onto one of his belts, tugging backwards sharply and looking up at him when he partially turned around, "You honor deals and agreements, right? That's what demons do?"

"Why does that matter?" Satan barely lifted an interested brow.

"Then I want to make a deal with you," Releasing my hold on his belt, I raised my right hand towards him, "You bring me back to my home as repayment for what you did earlier."

"That doesn't sound like a deal," He huffed in amusement, "A deal needs to be sweet on both sides.

That

just sounds like a lot of work for me."

"I'll let you have my entire soul if you bring me home safely."

His eyes widened as his sharpened teeth gnawed a little on his bottom lip, the glowing gaze switching from my own to my outstretched hand.

"Find a way to bring me home safely, and I'll let you have my soul...so long as you don't do anything like before."

He ran both hands through his rough-looking hair, turning away for a moment before instantly reaching out and clasping my hand with his. A static shock raced through my arm towards Satan, his face wincing as we both released the handshake.

"Come on...we don't have much time before he realizes what I've done."

"Who?" I was forced to practically run to keep up with Satan's long strides back to his motorcycle.

"Beelzebub."

The motorcycle stopped in front of an abandoned-looking home, the building itself only two floors high as the roof sank and sagged in places. Shutters were falling off the windows while the glass had cracked and splintered long ago in some kind of earthquake, leaving the front porch broken and limp against its foundation.

"

This

is where you live?" I swung a leg over the motorcycle, using the machine to steady myself on my feet after the long ride here, "It doesn't really look like a palace..."

"It'll fool you, just like every other denizen here," Satan commented without much emotion behind the words, keeping the motorcycle still as I climbed off, "I gave up on impressing those under me centuries ago."

"Then is it better on the inside?" Bringing the jacket close to my body, I took a tentative step on the lowest stair before pressing some of my weight onto it.

"So many questions...just go inside and get your answers."

Casting a glance behind me, I watched Satan wave his hand over his motorcycle before it curled itself into smoke and vanished on the wind. Pressing my left hand on the front door, I turned my focus from him to the house as I pushed the door open.

A well-kept living room greeted me that completely contradicted the state of the house outside. A large sectional sofa faced a wall-length television with a low table between the two, leaving the other half of the living room

open while a computer desk with a rather large monitor facing the open red seat turned away from the desk. Laying at the back of the living room was a stairway that led somewhere upstairs, revealing a doorway next to it that revealed a bedroom of sorts from the furniture that I could see.

"You gonna stand there all day?" Satan's voice close behind me made me jump in surprise, quickly moving out of the way as he took long strides into his own home before falling face-first onto the sectional, "Shower is upstairs if you want to use it. Spare clothes your size will be on the sink counter."

"Do you have guests all the time?" I raised an eyebrow in concern, unsure of how to feel that Satan knew what size I wore.

"Of course not," He barely turned his head away from the seat cushion, "Just make sure it's quick...I'm expecting a rather volatile guest and I'd rather him not see you in an exposed state when he arrives."

"You really think Beelzebub will be

that

angry with you?" I asked as I walked up the stairs, peering around the corner to see a full bathroom ready to be used. Just like Satan had said, there were a set of clothes just my size waiting. The pair of black jeans had some bedazzling along the lower legs while the blue shirt was definitely form-fitting with long, flowy sleeves that mimicked wings of a butterfly.

"I

know

he will be."

The finality of Satan's words sent a shiver down my spine, prompting me to quickly unzip his jacket and hang it on the inside of the bathroom door before getting the shower ready. If both Princes of Hell were to fight here, I wouldn't want to be caught naked between them.

I heard Satan speak the entire time that I was in the shower, his voice and words muffled by both the door and the water. He may have been trying to make me feel more comfortable being naked and alone in his home, but I wasn't going to risk it...just in case he broke his end of the deal.

"--lling him that he needed to back off of this girl, so I took matters into my own hands and settled the whole issue," Satan let out a laugh as I opened the bathroom door, feeling both refreshed and uncertain at the same time, "Her head went 'pop' like a grape and his dick has been missing ever since!"

"You...haven't been telling gruesome stories the whole time I was in the shower, were you?" I asked as I walked down the stairs, Satan's jacket draped over my arm, "Is that what you usually do when you're alone?"

"No, I normally watch my recordings, but I thought that would be too gruesome for you, so..." His voice drifted off as his dark hues caught my figure, my heart thudding in my throat before he stood up and took his jacket from me, "Didn't want you coming downstairs when I was in the middle of jacking off."

"Oh, how

kind

of you," I barely caught the blush, watching him closely as he hung the jacket over a coat rack near the front door, "Is there anything else that I need to watch out for? Any sticky spots that I shouldn't touch?"

"I'm not Asmodeus."

"And he's...?"

"In a word: lust," Satan glanced back at me before making his way back to the sofa, sitting on one end heavily as he brought out some length of chain to play with in his hands, "We all indulge in the sins and vices of each other, but all seven of us are better at incurring something in mortals than the others."

"So...while you were quite sexual a few hours ago...Asmodeus would've been worse?" I quietly asked as I sat on the opposite end of the sofa, keeping as much distance as I could between Satan and myself.

"You wouldn't have been able to see through his disguise until he wanted you to," Satan kept his focus on the chains, "Everything that was done to you would've been as Beelzebub until he had his fun and wanted to hear your screams of terror."

"But...why did you try it? It doesn't seem like a very wrathful thing to do."

His face scrunched up in uncertainty before glancing away, his hands lowering to his lap as the chains stilled, "I wanted to make sure of something, and I knew that you wouldn't tell me if I asked."

"...was it how I felt about Beelzebub?"

"The opposite, actually," Satan gave a soft laugh, "You see, when a Prince takes a contract to drag a soul to hell, it doesn't take us more than a month to complete it. When I saw that Beelz was on the same contract for nine months, I wanted to fuck with it...to see exactly what his fascination was with the target. I found him watching over you like some...guardian angel. It disgusted me.

"That's when I made a deal with him: half of your soul if I had you say the right words to complete the contract. You said them much faster than I anticipated, which made me think that you weren't the problem with the contract...he was. So, I dug deeper," Satan reached out to the scattered paperwork over the low table, organizing them a little, "And I found that Beelz had been trying to postpone completing the contract since the third week he took it. That's when I made the choice to ruin you."

His words hung heavy in the silence, my heart beating like a war drum in my chest as I took in the new information.

"I knew what feelings Beelzebub had for you...so I wanted to taste what he desired before he took you away."

"So...you thought it was a good idea to rape me?" My throat felt dry as I spoke, unsure if I even wanted to hear the answer.

Satan stayed silent for a long time before standing up, moving to grab his jacket and slip it back on his body. Running his hands through his hair, he let one drop to the chain dangling from his neck.

"I wished that it was me you were thinking of...instead of him."

A cacophonous crash echoed throughout the room before the ceiling caved in, my screams of shock and fear partially muffled by the dust and debris now flying through the air. I backed away from the collapsed part as far as I could before I saw flashes of red and blue glance off and hit each other again, the ceiling still crumbling from where it had fallen. Chunks of floor and wall flew out from the dust cloud, causing me to dive down to the ground to avoid being hit.

"You whore of Lucifer!" I recognized Beelzbub's voice, the tone dark and angry, "You think that hiding away in your hole will let you be safe from me?!"

"If you fucking

think

for just a second--" Satan grunted out before his form was thrown from the settling cloud, crashing into a wall near me and completely blowing through it. The destruction the two Princes were causing was nothing like the fight that broke out in my apartment...that was a mere disagreement compared to what I was seeing.

"

You're

the one that needs to think about what he's done!" The other Prince screeched as he staggered from the debris cloud, some broken links of chain

pierced through his left shoulder as he slowly ripped them out, "That spell was supposed to leave you bound here

alone

, and you dragged (y/n) down with you!"

"Ah...fuck..." Satan's groan sounded from the next room over, "You're the one that didn't read the instructions..."

Beelzebub passed by me, his entire focus on the other Prince of Hell as he grabbed a chunk of wall that was between him and his prey, ripping it out and tossing it back towards the living room. The intense red glow of his eyes never looked in my direction.

"S-stop!" My throat tightened up as I tried to speak, "Don't kill each other!"

It was like both Princes were seeing red. I wasn't there to them.

Run. Flee.

It was the only thing I could do.

I was just a human that was stuck in hell, and they were two of the seven figures that ruled over this place.

Clambering over the debris partially blocking the doorway, I ducked under the top of the doorframe and sprinted as fast as I could from the house. Pressing myself against a rock, I looked back at Satan's home as more pieces of structure were pushed out from the frame and sent more pieces tumbling down to the ground, lashings of vines and red hot chains whipping out every so often from the structure.

Every so often, I felt myself call out for them to stop fighting, but couldn't really do much more than watch them tear each other apart.

"Tasty human!" A screech sounded in my left ear as sharp talons clawed at my arm and neck, dragging me down to the ground and yanking me away from the battlefield, "Fresh meat! Fresh soul!"

"Sto--!" A long finger curled into my mouth as I protested, feeling the slimy ochre of the creature's skin press down on my tongue as the digit continued further into my throat. My vocal chords tightened in fear as another lashing of slime fell over my eyes before it crawled towards my right ear, my cries of help muffled as something tightened around my throat while I felt my hand become pinned underneath my stomach. My body was shoved to the ground as the giddy creature continued its assault on me, the weight on my back suddenly doubling, tripling in size as I fought to throw it off of me.

"Fresh, so fresh!" The voice was close to my ear now, the slimy tendril curling around my ear before dipping into my ear canal as another finger joined the first in my throat. My heart cried out in fear as my voice stopped working, feeling something press against the vocal cords deep within my throat.

I couldn't breathe anymore, feeling my body slowly still as whatever demon had me in its clutches continued to laugh joyously over its prize.

Beelzebub...Satan...

The laughing turned into shrieking, the heavy weight quickly pulled off of my back as both fingers and tendril were yanked from my body. With the sudden clearing of my throat, I sucked in as much air as I could before coughing from the sudden intake, spitting out dark green ochre and slime before retching in disgust.

The shrieking shifted into a higher pitch, "No! Mine!"

"Think again, cumstain."

"Hey, you're gonna be okay," Beelzebub's voice was gentle once more, someone helping me away from where I had been kneeling, "Let me see your face..."

The kindness was back in his voice, pulling my attention towards him as I felt someone wipe something wet off my cheeks.

"There...not a scratch in sight."

"Beelzebub...?"

"What should I do with this?" Satan's voice called out from behind me, drawing my focus to him as he held an ooze-like creature aloft, several spikes and talons jutting out from its body as a few tendrils tried to reach out to me. Satan grabbed them tightly and pulled them from its body, drawing another screech from the creature, "It didn't get far, did it?"

"No, it didn't take anything," Beelzebub answered before he helped me stand up, keeping me close to him, "It's one of Asmodeus', so send it to him for punishment."

"All right..." The other Prince scrunched the demon up into a ball, tightly wadding it together before chucking it into the distance, "Package sent."

A short moment of silence passed between the three of us before Satan cleared his throat.

"Feel better, asshole?"

"Not really," Beelzebub retorted, "Your head still needs to be splattered on the ground."

"Yeah, yeah..." Satan leaned down to look at me, a brief expression of concern written on his face, "You're the one that needs to be addressed first..."

"Why?" I blinked in confusion, feeling Beelzebub tighten his arm around my shoulders before letting it fall, "What did I do?"

"You being here is my fault," The Prince of Gluttony spoke quietly, the red glow dimming in his eyes as one of his hands pulled aside some hair that fell in front of my face, "Do you...feel safe here?"

I lowered my head before shaking it. I have never felt safe since I arrived, even when I was in Satan's house. It was like I was always being watched by hungry eyes that were just waiting for the right opportunity to pounce and drag me away to my death...just like what had almost happened.

"Then I sent all of you here..." The defeat in Beelz's voice was heartbreaking.

"I had been trying to tell you, jackass," Satan groaned as he rolled his shoulders, looking around the area before settling on his destroyed house, "That banishment spell completely locks someone in hell for a thousand years -- mind, body, and soul. She's stuck here just like I am."

"A thousand years? I don't live a thousand years!" I cried out, working through the tightness of my voice, "What's going to happen to me?"

"I've only seen it happen once before..." The red Prince sighed softly, sitting down on a nearby rock and tucking his hands into the pockets of his jacket, "...and you're better off not knowing. You're only still alive because of the contract that binds us to you, meaning that you'll live...but it'll be agonizing for you the longer we wait to complete the contract."

"Then...my efforts..."

"Tell me what happens," I steeled myself for the worst I could think of, imagining myself getting torn apart by monsters or imprisoned in some hellish jail for the rest of my life. Both Satan and Beelzebub looked at each other before they shifted their dark gazes to me.

"You'll be tormented, starved to death because there's nothing here for humans to eat. You'll be forced to adapt to our food, to our ways...which will twist you into an abomination that will only be controlled by one of the Princes. If you let anger at your fate take over, then I'll be the one in charge of you...and if you allow yourself to indulge in the vices we have, then Beelzebub rules you," Satan spoke slowly, his words twisting themselves into a horrifying image in my head as I watched myself become twisted into the demon that Satan had thrown away.

"I would...lose who I am."

"Yeah...you would," Beelzebub didn't try to comfort me, letting the realization of the situation wash over me as I found the hidden message they were scared of telling me.

"You'll...have to complete the contract, to keep me from turning into that..."

"With all that makes you here in hell, there's nothing that we can do to reverse the spell that was used. If your body or mind had been left on earth, then it'd be much easier..." Satan started before I looked over at him, reaching out and briefly touching his hand.

"Well...this doesn't change what my original thoughts were when I had triggered it to happen. I know when I'm going to die, and not many people get that opportunity," I tried to muster a smile to my lips, but the emotion felt forced and I immediately dropped it, "Just...promise me one thing before you kill me and claim my soul."

"You're adding an addendum this late in the game?" Satan's brow lifted in amusement, "I like your spunk, kid."

"What is it?" Beelzebub took a step closer, his right hand partially reaching out to my right forearm before it dropped back to his side.

"Promise me that you both try to get my attention like a regular human next time."

Beelzebub's heart shattered at the memory of the understanding look on (y/n)'s face, the corners of her lips trembling as she stood between himself and Satan.

Here was a human that knew of her fate, and still faced it with her head held high. She knew that both demons would devour her soul, knew that this was the end of who she currently was, and

still

asked that they both seek her out afterwards.

He looked over at the painting he had convinced one of his contracts to craft before they died, the woman unknown to the artist but fully known to Beelzebub. Her colored eyes looked back at the viewer with a soft smile

resting on her lips, loose strands of hair framing her face perfectly while a majority of it was pulled back into her usual style.

It was the only thing Beelzebub had left that reminded him of (y/n), her soul devoured long ago and her body cast into ashes before even that.

There was a void in his heart that nothing could ever fill now, and Beelzebub was thankful enough to have the chance to spend almost a year with her before he cast her down.

Sometimes he wondered if (y/n) would come to feel the same way about him if they had more time together...but he was a Prince of Hell and she was a human. Nothing would've ever changed that fact.

"Knock, knock."

"What," Beelzebub cast his gaze from the painting in his living room to the front door that was wide open, seeing the familiar red-coated Prince of Hell leaning against the doorframe.

"Oh, damn. They weren't lying when they said you had a little shrine to her," Satan barely contained the laughter as he looked at the painting, "It's pretty good."

"What do you want."

"I thought you'd like to hear the news that I just picked up a new contract. Grabbed it before Asmodeus rubbed himself all over the thing," With a flick of his wrist, Satan sent a tattered scroll flying towards Beelzebub. The Prince of Gluttony grabbed it effortlessly out of the air, eyeing it suspiciously before looking back at Satan.

"Why do you want to show me?"

"If you don't wanna honor your promise, that's fine. I'll take it all for myself," Satan strode into his home and reached down to pluck the scroll from Beelzebub's hands, "The contract is looking pretty hot, too."

Beelzebub moved the scroll from Satan's reach, rebreaking the seal and opening it quickly. His eyes locked onto a semi-familiar face, the woman's eyes matching those of the painting as his gaze widened.

It was (y/n)...not completely the same person, but it was her for certain.

"Well?" Satan's voice dropped into a tease, "Thinking about tagging along?"

"If you're wrong, then I get to banish you for another thousand years," Beelzebub tossed the scroll back to him, a smirk on his face.